volumes that have been written on, for instance, the Second Empire of France, the wish arises that even one author would write fully of the Empire of Bijapur. It witnessed a series of reigns, each scintillating with marvels.

It is said that no scene of its kind—except, perhaps, the approach to Palmyra—is so impressive to the traveller as when he nears this queen of the Indian desert now left of her lovers. The engine of the Southern Maratta Railway, like a toy train, winds its way across the Deccan. He eagerly watches to catch the first sight of the Great Dome of Bijapur. It is visible eighteen miles away, and for at least an hour before the train reaches the deserted city. He has to make his way over one of the most barren and desolate tracks, the vast dried-up plateau of Southern India. For hours nothing but brown hillocks and occasional little mud villages have met his eye.

Suddenly, on either side of the railway carriage, he sees the plain, scattered with the egg-shaped monuments of departed Mahom-

medan heroes. Before he has time to take in the magical picture, he finds himself deposited right under the shadow of the famous colossal tomb of the Emperor Mahommed Shah,